Sweet Creature by BodhiDixon

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Summary: Steve forgets his homework in his gym locker and goes back to get it once the school is empty. But instead, he finds something so much better than boring old homework.

Sweet Creature

Author's Note:

Okay, so I was listening to Harry Styles' song called 'Sweet Creature' that I freaking love on youtube and it was an empty arena version.

So, me being me. I instantly thought of Steve walking in on Billy singing a song that he had written himself, about a certain babysitter we all know and love.

Now, obviously, Steve doesn't know the songs about him because they haven't gotten together yet in this fic. It's more like a pre-Harringrove one-shot.

And I felt like Harry's voice suited what I imagined Billy could sound like so If you want to listen to the song I have imagined for this fic, I'll link it here. SO when you listen to it, if you do. I want you to picture Billy singing it.

/qx4WJnUoLCs

Enjoy!

Steve was making his way back to the gym locker room twenty minutes after school had finished because he had stupidly forgotten to grab his homework.

Huffing in agitation, Steve makes his way down through the completely empty school halls to the gym doors.

Upon reaching the doors to the gym, Steve pauses when he hears the muffled voice of someone singing, almost undetectable from behind the doors.
Someone was still inside the gym.

Steve presses his ear up against the door to hear better, and holy fuck, whoever it was could sing.

Curiosity eating at him, Steve decides to risk it by opening the door

silently to step inside.

Once inside, Steve freezes, not believing his eyes.

It's Billy fucking Hargrove.

Of all people.

Luckily enough for Steve, Billy hadn't heard Steve open the door.

Nor did he see him slowly creep his way up onto the bleachers because he was so immersed in singing, that he had his eyes closed to the world around him.

Steve sits down quietly on the bench leaning his elbows on his knees, to watch Billy with his full attention.

"It's hard when we argue
We're both stubborn
I know, but oh"

Steve has no idea what the song is Billy is singing but whatever it is, it means something to Billy, that much was obvious.

He could practically feel the raw emotion underlying Billy's voice.

It sounded like regret and heartache.

"Sweet creature, sweet creature
Wherever I go, you bring me home
Sweet creature, sweet creature
When I run out of road, you bring me home"

Billy had his arms crossed against the back of his head, swaying along to the lyrics bouncing around the gym, echoing.

The lyrics were downright sweet and beautiful, compared to the screaming racket Steve was so used to hearing, every morning coming from the Camaro as Hargrove arrived or left.

He wanted to hear it more often.

"Sweet creature
We're running through the garden
Oh, where nothing bothered us
But we're still young
I always think about you and how we don't speak enough"

Steve had closed his eyes, just wanting to let the sound of Billy's voice envelope him.

It was strange to hear Hargrove's voice take on such a dreamy lilt.

If he knew that someone was listening to the vulnerable words he would put the walls up in a flash.

If Steve was being completely honest, he hadn't felt this relaxed or calm in a long time.

But there was just something about the sound of Billy's voice and those goddamn lyrics that flooded him with the feeling of safety.

He almost snorted at that last thought.

Who would have ever thought that Steve would say that Billy fucking Hargrove, the same guy who beat his face into a pulp, not three weeks earlier would be making Steve feel safe, for the first time in a long time.

It was crazy.

But as he let the words draw him in, he felt like he was getting an insight into the real Billy Hargrove. Not the 'Untouchable, Bad Boy' facade he seemed to be hiding behind every day.

"Sweet creature, sweet creature
Wherever I go, you bring me home
Sweet creature, sweet creature
When I run out of road, you bring me home
You'll bring me home"

As Billy's voice started trailing off with the last notes, he felt as if he had heard something that he wasn't supposed to have, but he quickly and quietly made his exit before he could be spotted, feeling much

lighter and happier than when he had walked in.

Getting into his car, he had completely forgotten about his homework again but he had found something better.

So, if Steve happened to wait around after school some days to listen to Billy's beautiful voice sing freely without a care in the world.

Then it was nobody's business but his own.